

Old Squire.

The Romance of a Black Virginian.

By B. K. BENSON.

Author of "Who Goes There?" "A Friend With the Countess," "Bayard's Courier," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PARTISANS.

"Lor, who comes so fast in silence of the night? Steph. A friend. Lor, a friend! What friend? Your name I pray you, friend?" —Shakespeare.

The vague and variable force known as Mosby's battalion, though strong in its entire enrollment, was weak in its active strength at any one period. Doubtless, from first to last, more than 2,000 men took part in some enterprise of the band; yet very many of these were mere accidents of the day—enlisted men that had been cut off for the time being from their own regiments which they rejoined as soon as they were able or willing; others, on furlough from wounds or illness, whose convalescence was sufficient for momentary exertion that carried them with it, but completely considered inadequate for the tedium of the great camp; others still that came no one knew whence and departed of their own volition; even some, perhaps, that were deserters from the Federal army. The few that the Major trusted were expected to gather as many men as the contemplated achievement seemed to demand, or rather, it should be said, as few men as the leader thought would be indispensable, so that on some expeditions Mosby led perhaps hundreds, while on others his followers were but scores, or even fewer. Hence, it resulted that his minor undertakings were almost uniformly brilliant and successful, while those of greater magnitude frequently failed. The larger the enterprise involved lacking the cohesiveness of a small body composed of his best and most experienced men.

As night fell once more, Usher West led his party out of Goose Creek swamp in a northerly direction. The way was narrow and winding, overhung at first by great oaks and elms, through which the filtered starlight barely showed the misty path that muffled the horses' footfall. Every man here knew more or less of this district; it was the boyhood home of three, and they had not made half a mile when even to Armstrong's peculiar mind it became evident that their course was leading directly away from the rendezvous that day given.

"Usher, how long you going to keep this road?"

"Keep it a good while," said West.

"Well, it's not the right way."

"We'll get there all the same."

"If we do, we'll have to turn off on Fonder at Adams."

But Adams's place went directly on, and now he condescended to say: "Boys, I reckon I may as well tell you that we don't go to Wilson's at all. That was all a blind, so that if anybody follows me, I'll take you through all right."

And Usher's pace almost imperceptibly began to quicken. They had started at a slow walk, as nearly noiseless as possible. They had once or twice diverged from the route, and had returned to it farther on, thus avoiding habitations. In this gathering, secrecy must be the very greatest; the beginning and the end must be the greatest at the moment of organizing. On this night a score of small groups, two and three, were coming from as many points of circle to meet in a common center, and the more nearly that each approached that center, the less danger to each and the greater to all should they fail. So Usher West and his companions rode with speed ever increasing, until Morgan, who had not yet taken part in any of Mosby's raids, began to fear lest the efficiency of their horses should be impaired before actual work was needed, and he spoke his fear to West, who answered that the meeting and organizing would require time in which the horses could rest, adding that sometimes organization was made while on the march, and that the route being designated for each of the groups to take, in order to intercept the line of main advance at points convenient—but that on this night, after a long interval in which the band had not assembled, preference had been given to the former method.

They were now on a main highway, and when their horses trod a sandy stretch of the road, they could hear galloping that seemed to preserve its distance—some man ahead hurrying to the rendezvous, and in a little while a voice came from the front, and there was silence—no hoofs beating, the man ahead halting to answer the challenge of a sentinel.

Two hundred yards farther, and West's party came to an abrupt halt, a clear voice crying, "Who comes there?"

"Friends with the countess."

"Halt, friends; advance one, with the countess."

Usher rode forward; but there was no need to give the password—the sentinel knew him.

"Hello, Usher! How many you got?"

"Four more. Where's the Major?"

"Down at the mill. Better be lively. He's a hornet to-night. Crowd from above not heard from yet."

"Devil you say? How long you reckon he'll wait?"

Passing the sentinel, Usher again took up the gallop; the rendezvous was yet a mile away, for Mosby kept watch all round him and far. But soon the main road was forsaken. At a slower pace the squad went down a steep slope to the right, and on this hillside they were again halted, and subjected here to longer delay.

"That nigger o' yours, West; I'm going to keep him here till you bring me the Major's word."

"All right, Squire, you say here a few minutes." The white men rode on down the hill.

The old negro had no fears. "Mahista, I's ben thout of bresh mule oncert. I's de same ole night, dat showed de Yankee Stuntle de haidquaters o' dat big Yankee Ginnel lash yaws, 'at bayk yaudes mos' to de railroad, down yandeh by Cedah Run."

"Oh, yes, Uncle. I reckon you're all right; but then you know I got to obey orders."

"Assah, so I is too; but I gwine to gid down an' res dis mule feh you don't mine; I ben a rummin' dis mule feh you las' de longes'."

"All right, dismount if you like," said the sentinel.

"I boun' to git me a hoss dis time; 'ef I hadn' ha' mos' beat dis mule to de fah, Mahs Chahley an' all 'ould be'n left 'ere way beahine. I ain't nudder be'n left 'ere."

"See Gen. Pleasanton's Report, quoted Aug. 10, 1863, by Gen. A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Staff."

West, clad as a civilian, rode some 80 yards behind Morgan's squad; close behind West came four colored men in Confederate uniform; behind these, but almost half a mile away, rode Mosby, ever active in improving and preserving order.

A train of 40 wagons was on its way from Alexandria to Warrenton, with supplies for Gen. Meade's army, under the protection of a squadron of cavalry. The first night there had been a halt at Fairfax, where there was a strong force; now the train was two days out from Alexandria; by noon of the next day it would be safe in Warrenton. The ground where the wagons had been parked was of irregular shape—a stream flowing in a loop at the east, a stream with steep banks, within the loop an excellent ground for the protection of the train. On the far side of the creek pickets had been posted, the main body of cavalry being held a little to the right of the Warrenton Pike, pickets north and south of the road, west also, in the woods. There was but the minimum of apprehension for the force was sufficient to overpower any gang of bushwhackers that might be supposed to infest the mountains, while Stuart's entire division of cavalry was known to be south of the Rappahannock; as for Mosby, he had been heard of beyond the Blue Ridge only the day before.

The fires, kindled for cooking only, had long since died out, but in the open, where covers of the wagons were distinct in the starlight. Right of the road were

lying their picket ropes and rushing here and there in wildest flight, shots were being in every quarter. Mosby was supreme and yet increasing.

In the very beginning of the turmoil the Captain commanding had sprung from sound sleep, pistol in hand; he saw a group of men coming, and he was ready.

"Who are you? Surrender!" he cried.

"First Virginia Cavalry! Lee's Brigade! Stuart's Division!" shouted Morgan in reply.

"Surrender!"

The Captain hesitated.

"Ready! Aim!"

The leveled carbines fixed upon their targets; one by one all of the sleeping group had risen.

The Captain threw down his arms, and the others followed his example.

Without a head, the sleeping cavalrymen had become mixed in hopeless tangle. Suddenly the cry rose—started by one stentorian voice, taken up by others whose heads were cool, and who saw the meaning, saw that it was too late for saving anything from the disaster, the cry rose and spread: "Stomped! stomped! The woods! the woods!"

A few of the teamsters had begun to hitch; at the cry of the stomped they dropped chain and bridle and rushed away southward, some of them hiding behind the bank of the creek until all was over.

The cavalrymen who lingered in an attempt to mount and ride were taken; those who rushed into the woods were safe from pursuit.

Mosby's men were soon busy in ransacking the wagons. The spot was too near the Federal army to hope that all the material could be carried away into safety. Everybody began to collect horses and mules, and who knew what journey, each man exchanging his own beast for any he liked better.

The prisoners, numbering more than 30, were held together under guard; they, too, must be searched. Mosby found valuable booty, mainly medical stores, which required some 16 wagons to transport; for these wagons double teams were hitched; all others were burnt.

Went by a night's ride, to which had been added three hours of exhausting labor, the band started to return. The men knew that rest could not be hoped for, but they were weary and thought of the Mountains; even then they might have no rest; the proper care of the prisoners and of the horses would demand extraordinary exertion on the part of those whom Mosby should choose, and who must attempt their delivery to Stuart, far away covering Lee's infantry; as to the others, a long rest was looked for, with no duty to perform until morning.

Should call them again from their hiding-places.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RETREAT.

"Who would there valor see, Let him come hither!" —Bunyan.

It was long after sunrise when the last rider left the desolated camp, and he could not doubt that tidings of the disaster had reached the ears of more than one Federal commander; for, besides the pickets, the horses of the band were in the hands of the main road, and who would at once have ridden fast with the alarm, scores of frightened men and frantic horses had rushed into the darkness, and who knew what they would have been able to do.

Indeed, it is an easy thing to effect a panic of sleeping men; one man afoot is better than a thousand such a frightened cow has been known to stampede a brigade of infantry. You have fought well in open battle; you have caught the flag of your comrade; and now, in the night, a shot and far to the front and felt no dimming of ardor; but you unbuckle your arms, and you lie down to sleep, and from dreams of home you wake in blackness total but for specks of light as the moonlight of the enemy's guns envisions; you hear their war-cry while yours is silent; you know not whether half your comrades are still alive, or whether the whole command is in the hands of the foe whose successful advance means complete supremacy; your first sane thought is how to escape, and you are a cool-headed and brave-hearted man if you have even that thought.

The surprise had been easy; to retire with safety would be difficult. It is no wonder that Maj. Mosby's exploits, for great part, began brightly and ended in sorrow—always, nevertheless, with the effect of great disturbance to his enemies.

His profession was that of destruction with a greater purpose than to destroy—to humiliate and subvert the individual, to save, what he captured were many, yet it must be confessed that more than one such failure was to his credit—he abandoned his booty in order to save his men.

And on this morning he knew that his own place was at the rear, and until his column should be beyond the reach of pursuit, his feeling must be all of suspense and none of gratulation. For the moment he had spread a sense of insecurity in the minds of his enemies, in more or less degree in the whole of Meade's army; but unless he should succeed in bringing off his hand, this fear of his enemies would be changed into satisfaction because of his future inability to endanger them. Then, too, not only his men must surely be saved, but his booty also must be saved if possible, although by its early sacrifice he should be able to disband his men and thus insure their individual safety, such sacrifice must inevitably tend to the abandonment of the campaign, and the loss of what was of so great value; for how could he or others hope to sustain the spirit necessary for these enterprises if they were not in a measure successful in the individual?

He knew that the individual would willingly have burnt every dollar's worth of his booty if at the time he could have known that his men would follow him on his next raid, and that the loss of the booty would be a great loss to the army.

He knew that it could not be; he must endeavor at any cost, except that of his organization, to carry off into the mountains value sufficient to keep the spirit at a high level.

The wagons retained were lightly loaded—for part with medical stores which Lee's army greatly needed, for other parts with implements and clothing. Progress was rapid; though the men were weary, they were in a high state of elation. The prisoners had dwindled to less than 20 in the confusion incident to the explosion of the camp and the pursuit. Only the officers were well guarded, the teamsters being forced to handle their teams and to drive them in the service of the army.

Far at the front West rode, the advance following; far at the rear Morgan and Squire, yet with old Squire behind them, his invaluable services having been proved at the picket's death. Even granted that Squire be taken, confidence was felt that he could make his way with his captors; for the only man, the sentinel, who could have told of Squire's part in the surprise was a prisoner. On either hand, parallel with the column, moved scouts familiar with the country.

At once, however, the bounds utterly indifferent; while other men's faces and speech gave evidence of joy over success or at times manifested eagerness in response to the search into safety, he rode silent and unexpressed.

Mosby pushed the retreat, with all his

(Continued on sixth page.)



"FROM HIS BEAR A LOW VOICE HAD SPOKEN, 'DISMOUNT AND HAND OVER YOUR ARMS!'"

"Five of us, Major," says West, saluting.

"Good! Why, Morgan, how are you? Haven't seen you since I left the General. And there's others, too. Oh, yes, remember you very well; you were with us in Maryland once. And who are these?"

"Harley Armstrong and Joe Lewis, of the 1st Major," said Morgan, "and we have old Squire with us. Don't you remember his showing us Pope's headquarters last year near Auburn?"

"I should say I do. And I know Lewis like a book. Yes, and I can recall Armstrong now. You are the big man who attacked the bridge at Cedar Run. Well, men, make yourselves easy. We can hardly make a start before midnight. Our people from above are delayed for some reason, and I'll give 'em a chance; but we start not later than midnight, and I want you men of the First to ride at the front. Remember that, now; eight men will ride half a mile in front, and you'll be four of them."

"One other officer was in the room, Lieut. Turner. For a short while Mosby remained West; the others of Morgan's squad went out. The horses were unsaddled, were watered and fed—no telling when there would be time for the next feeding. Old Squire was released, and together the party rested, with groups of men all round them on the hillside, most of them very quiet, but here and there one busy with his weapons."

The numbers were growing; the door of the mill frequently showed forms entering and retiring. Perhaps two hours had gone by, when a confused noise began, and then a terrible confusion. No loud order had been given; the word was passed from man to man. And now there was no light in the mill.

Morgan knew that midnight had not yet come. West whispered that the sentinel party had succeeded in sending a man to tell that they were cut off by the enemy and must disband; the march would begin without them.

Somewhat, a straggling column was formed, each irregular group recognizing some familiar leader. West had urged forward; the column was moving. Yet in motion, West found Mosby at the front.

"You four men lead," said the commander, "you four in uniform. West, give them leeway and give them complete instructions. You ride behind them in speaking distance."

"But old Squire, Major. What shall I do with him?" asked West.

"Do just what you proposed. I have thought over it, and it's the thing."

The column was moving at a trot.

"Half a mile!" cried Usher, and his companions followed him at a gallop.

On the summit of a high hill whence they looked eastward West called for slower speed.

"Far enough ahead, boys. Now, Sergeant, the Major gives you charge of the advance. If you run into the Yankees before we get down to the pike, you must get away if you can; but you must make a big noise that can be heard behind you. If you should be taken, your uniforms will make 'em think Stuart is coming."

Tell 'em you belong to Lee's Brigade. Squire is to go first; you four boys behind Squire a hundred yards; I ride behind you a hundred yards. Now, Squire, you mustn't let us run into any trap; you must go first, you hear?"

"Yassah, de good book hit say de las' gwine to go fast, but I dunno what you is a-gwine to, an' I dunno what to tuhn off, an' I dunno what not to tuhn off."

"Don't tuhn off at all unless we let you know. We'll keep you in sight, and won't let you go wrong. And after a while we're going slow, and then I'm going to tell you more. And if you do this job up brown you're going to get more horses than you can take. Keep 'em tight. Now light out!"

Old Squire lit out. It is true that he was nervous enough, but looking back he saw his master and his master's friends following in speaking distance, and he was comforted.

the picketed horses of the squadron—two long rows—side by side, now and then some raw recruit of a horse expressing the restiveness not yet subdued by the discipline of war's marches and short gallops.

Between the wagons and the rows of horses lay a group of officers, their horses, only four, picketed close in their rear.

Braying mules had ceased to bray, and there was little noise in the camp, the men having long ago settled down to rest. Earlier, a small body of cavalry protecting ambulances loaded with sick had passed through from Warrenton en route to Alexandria. These people had told that they would encamp beyond Gainesville; the weather was hot and the sick men could stand the journey better in the early morning of the day and night.

The sentinel on the Warrenton Pike, west of the camp, thought that the time for his relief was long in coming. He had stood here from 7 until 9, then had rested until 1; the sun would rise but little after 5, and he imagined that he could see signs of day—a mere fancy of impatience, for his relief would not come until 3; but then, you know, the hours of sentry duty, after a hot march in the long days, drag themselves out beyond all sense or reason, and it was only natural for this man to swear, and wonder if all the guard had gone to sleep and left him here to do more than his duty.

The sound of hoof-beats almost succeeded in interrupting a yawn. "Comin' at last," he thought.

He straightened up on his horse in order to appear vigilant and to receive the Sergeant with appropriate ceremony.

The sound had died away. "Just now started, by God!" he muttered, and sank almost double again, his chin on his breast.

But the chin remained thus low for only a moment. From the southwest, toward Meade's army, there had come to the sentinel's ear confused sounds—sounds such as he had heard when, left on post, his own company had ridden by on a hard road far at his front, sounds such as he had heard, when his own company had been escorted of the ambulances had approached his post.

Yet these noises also died away, or at least he heard them no longer mentally, his head now full of an approaching object, which soon took the form of a mounted man. "Who comes there?" he cried.

"Yassah, hit's me, sah; tain't nobody but me, sah. Dosest shi want me to gid down off o' dis ole mule, Mahista?"

"No; stand right there till I call the Corporal," and then he opened his mouth to cry louder for the Corporal of the guard. But he did not cry.

From his rear a low voice had spoken, "Dismount, and hand over your arms! You are surrounded! Be quiet, or you are gone!"

His head had gone round at the instant. Three men were between him and his camp—footmen, with pieces leveled. He hesitated, his eyes turned to the front—the one man had grown into the road-full.

"Dismount!" came the command again, nearer, and he saw the three men around him.

Then, quickly, Morgan with his seven uniforms passed the sentinel. In half a minute Lieut. Turner's section of Mosby's column halted at the sentinel's post, and remained there stiff in saddle as the

The Sergeant led his men afoot. He was seeking the headquarters group; at his right a great semicircle of wagons; at his left, behind the roadway, the long rows of picketed cavalry horses.

Now came the challenge from another sentinel, the picket on the eastern road. Morgan could hear it but dimly; at the next instant a shot, and then the mad galloping of Mosby's men from east and from west, as in both directions they bounded forward to meet in the camp.

At once, everywhere within the bounds of that bivouac, shouts of anger, of amazement, of entreaty, of terror, of command; men were running to their horses; the teamsters were springing from their wagons, others from their places on the ground, horses were stamping and plunging, break-

Sport Histories of Notable Regiments

By COL. WM. F. FOX.

ELEVENTH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

MOWER'S BRIGADE—TUTTLE'S DIVISION—FIFTEENTH CORPS.

(1) COL. JOSEPH R. PLUMMER, BRIG. GEN., U. S. A.; (2) COL. JOSEPH A. MOWER, BRIG. GEN., U. S. A.

(3) COL. ANDREW J. WEBER (Killed); (4) COL. WILLIAM L. BARNUM.

(5) COL. ELLI BOYER, BRIG. GEN., U. S. A.

Losses.	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
Killed or mortally wounded.....	6	98	104
Died of disease, accidents, in prison, etc.....	2	379	181
Totals.....	8	277	285

Total enrollment, 945; killed, 104; percentage, 11.0.

Battles.	Killed.	Wounded.*	Missing.†	Total.
Dallas, Mo., Sept. 2, 1861.....	2	1	..	3
Fredericktown, Mo.....	2	8	..	10
Farmington, Miss.....	1	1	..	2
Siege of Corinth, Miss.....	3	22	..	25
Iuka, Miss.....	7	66	3	76
Corinth, Miss.....	7	62	5	74
Holly Springs, Miss.....	2	2	1	5
Jackson, Miss.....	1	6	2	9
Vicksburg, Miss. (assault May 22).....	7	85	..	92
Siege of Vicksburg, Miss.....	5	39	..	44
Mechanicsburg, Miss.....	1	1
Richmond, La.....	3	3
Tupelo, Miss.....	1	6	..	7
Abbeville, Miss.....	2	2
Nashville, Tenn.....	4	82	..	87
Spanish Fort, Ala.....	4	13	..	17
Guerrillas.....	2	6	2	10
Skirmishes.....	4	21	3	28
Totals.....	52	427	16	495

*Includes the mortally wounded. †Includes the captured.

NOTES.—This regiment was recruited in Missouri and Illinois during the summer of 1861, and organized at St. Louis in August. On the 6th of August, it moved to Cape Girardeau, Mo., where it went into camp and remained until March, 1862, having been engaged in the meantime in several expeditions, reconnaissances, and skirmishes in Missouri, in some of which there was some brisk fighting, with several men killed or wounded. The regiment joined Pope's army, in March, 1862, and was engaged in the operations about New Madrid and Island Number Ten. It moved thence to Corinth, where it took an active part in the siege. The gallantry of the Eleventh at Iuka, elicited special mention from General Rosecrans in G. O. No. 130, in which he calls attention "to the magnificent fighting of the Eleventh Missouri, under the gallant Mower." The regiment was also honorably mentioned in the official report of Corinth. The Eleventh led the charge of Mower's Brigade in the grand assault on Vicksburg, May 22, 1863. In that desperate struggle it was the only entire regiment of the Fifteenth Corps that reached the fort, and the only regiment in that corps that planted its colors on the parapet. Colonel Weber was killed in the trenches at Vicksburg. The Eleventh was also hotly engaged in the battle of Nashville—then in Hubbard's (2d) Brigade, McArthur's (1st) Division, Sixteenth Corps—after which it accompanied the Corps to Mobile, Ala.

*Official Records; the United States Volunteer Register gives different figures.

FIRST MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

CUSTER'S BRIGADE—KILPATRICK'S DIVISION—CAVALRY CORPS, A. P.

(1) COL. THORNTON F. BRODHEAD, BRIG. GEN. (Killed); (2) COL. PETER STAGG, BRIG. GEN.

(3) COL. CHARLES H. TOWN.

COMPANIES.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Total Enrollment.
Field and Staff.....	2	2	4	..	1	1	26
Company A.....	1	20	21	2	20	22	198
B.....	1	15	16	..	25	25	219
C.....	3	10	13	1	24	25	222
D.....	..	5	5	..	9	9	166
E.....	..	12	12	..	18	18	201
F.....	3	10	13	..	17	17	238
G.....	1	7	8	..	13	13	201
H.....	..	15	15	2	20	22	205
I.....	1	11	12	..	25	25	183
K.....	1	17	18	..	18	18	197
L.....	..	16	16	1	28	29	239
M.....	1	10	11	..	26	26	201
Totals.....	14	150	164	6	244	250	2,486

Total of killed and wounded, 584; died in Confederate prisons (previously included), 56.

BATTLES.	K & M.W.	BATTLES.	K & M.W.	BATT
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